

MARVEL

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009

SPURRIER
DIAZ
PARSONS
LÓPEZ
TARTAGLIA

LEGION OF X



++ITEM++

L.A. -- [HUSK] & [CHAMBER] in hot pursuit.
Suspect description: "WINGED FIEND."
[ANGEL]'s involvement unconfirmed.

++ITEM++

BEIJING -- police open fire on "Dragon Dog."
CEREBRO detects [MUTANT IN DISTRESS].
Attend.

++ITEM++

Civilian protests at Krakoa gate-portals:
LONDON -- BUENOS AIRES -- PRAGUE.
Sample placard: "Mutants = Monsters."

++ITEM++

MANILA -- woman "separates own head from body."
Walks using own spine and viscera. [PHOTO/ref-Penn11.2].
[Violent mob forming.] Locals claim suspect a "known mutie."

++ITEM++

KRAKOA [Pacific] -- AKADEMOS HABITAT.
!!Repair crews needed!!
Suspected monster activity.

++ITEM++

REYKJAVIK -- fishing trawler wrecked.
Survivor describes metamorphosis of crewmate into "orca made
of hair."
Sound bite: *"We knew he was a mutant -- it's never been a
problem until now."*

++ITEM++

Emergency laws for monitoring known mutants tabled:
MOSCOW -- KINSHASA -- PARIS -- LONDON -- PRETORIA.
Monitor.

++ITEM++

NAIROBI -- GIANT-SIZED AARDVARK.
Mutant signature detected by local law enforcement.
Military support requested.

Visiting his parents in Mumbai, **Paras Gavaskar** is attempting to justify his infidelities to *ahimsa*--that is, the path of *non-violence*--

--when something *flickers* behind his eyes.



At a water park in New Jersey, **Glow Worm's** bachelor party takes an unexpected turn.



On Krakoa, the patrons of the Green Lagoon are *spellbound* when Irina Clayton's *extra mouths* begin to sing.

(So spellbound, in fact, that none of them complain when she begins to *peel* them like fruits.)



The Altar. HQ of the Legion.

The reports just keep *coming*! It's happening at *random*! This could affect *any* of us at any time!

Don't *panic*, Fabian. Kurt's already investigating. Sorry. Yes. We'll *update* him.

Uh. I mean-- I *would*, but...something's blocking my *telepathy*.

David? Would you step *outside* for a moment? I was hoping for a *chat*.





LEGION OF X

PARENTAL CONTROL

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has assembled a team of LEGIONNAIRES and built an HQ in THE ALTAR: a bubble reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION and adjacent to the Astral Plane.

A mysterious woman named Mother Righteous recently offered Banshee a deal: a union with a Ghost Rider entity, "the Spirit of Variance," in exchange for their gratitude and service. Now she has turned her attention to Warlock, who was possessed by a mysterious entity in the wake of a battle with an astral Technarch. Severed from Warlock, Cypher is working with a team of Legionnaires to gain access to the Narthex, which seems to be the center of new activity on Krakoa.

Meanwhile, mutants all over the globe are sprouting horrific secondary mutations, including Nightcrawler. Suspecting a mutagenic catalyst, Nightcrawler, Doctor Nemesis, and Pixie teamed with the new Black Knight, Jackie Chopra -- now discovered to be a mutant herself -- to find the source. Tracking a lead to Bavaria, the team discovered Margali Szardos, Nightcrawler's adoptive mother...



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[LEGION]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[PIXIE]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[CYPHER]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]



[MARGALI SZARDOS]



[BLINDFOLD]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]



[BLACK KNIGHT]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[SPIRIT OF VARIANCE/BANSHEE]



[PROFESSOR X]

"A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS"

9

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Bavaria,
Germany.

Kurt.

Come.
Embrace your
mother.



That's...his mom?
But she's...
she's...

Hotter than a dragon-meat
curry, yeah. At least we
know where he gets
the horns.

He's adopted. Listen,
Jacks, you're a mutant
now--you'd better get
used to traumatic
family drama.

Turn off the *glamour*, Mutti.
It's very distracting.



V-very
well.
Nnnff...

Please. *Please*,
my boy. Hold me.
I'm s-so weak and--
we have so much
to discuss.

Mutti,
what's the
matter? Are
you--?

...
wait.





Pixie--can you detect how...*powerful* she is? How much *magic* she wields...?



What's that got to d--?

My mother is an initiate of the *Winding Way*. A form of exocentric *sorcery* where power *waxes* and *wanes* like the moon.



Kurt...Kurt, please.

I do not believe she is a *bad* person. And...she *loves* me, in her way.

The problem *is* that...when she is at her mightiest--



She's...she's *humming* with power, Kurt. She could give the Sorcerer Supreme a run for their money...

Mm.



...As I was saying--when she's at her *mightiest*, she becomes quite *unbelievably* untrustworthy.

Power--you see? To some, it is an intoxicant. To others? An *excuse*.



I think we will *skip* the cuddles, Mutti.

Pft. Young people today. *No manners*.

The *hard* way it is, then.



Incoming!
Get down!

SHHHH



Hm. It's the same spell that's on you, Kurt. We have our culprit. She was trying to mutate the rest of us into monsters.

That won't work, Mutti. Nothing gets past Pixie. You know the power of the soulblades.



Ha. A soulsword...? Now that's a thing to be treasured. But--a silly little dagger like that? Ach. It cannot protect everybody.

Nk. Sp/ot.



It lacks reach.

Doctor Nemesis...?

E...exponential... mycological... mutation...

Urge... growing... to make... "fun guy" puns...

S...someone... take... notes...



NOTES FROM THE ARCHIVE OF THE SORCERERS SUPREME

THE WINDING WAY

An exocentric field of magic, in which practitioners receive and employ thaumaturgic power from an as-yet unidentified source of emanation.

Like all magical systems, mastery relies upon the tacit transaction of cost and benefit (or, if one prefers the trappings of theology, offering and blessing). Unlike other modes of sorcery, practitioners of the winding way fulfill the necessity of sacrifice through acceptance of personal disempowerment. The price they pay to enjoy periods of extreme magical vigor is to suffer the equal and exact opposite: phases of enfeeblement and powerlessness.

*Whether the eponymous "way" is notional or real -- in some sense or sphere -- is debatable. Practitioners certainly speak of it as if it were a tangible pathway, meandering through outer realms. But a recently discovered translation (c.1790) of a lost appendix to the famed *Kitāb Asrār an-nujūm* gives a more abstract explication:*

Envisage ye a mountain that exists in no true place.

To the far side: the abyssal gulf. Dark. Cold. It radiates naught; it absorbs all.

To the near side: the source. Emanating perfection and power. The conjurer who basks in its radiance is strengthened, elevated; raised unto the stars.

The mountain turns. Ponderous, unstoppable, it spins eternal about its core axis. Any point upon the surface thus passes into the sorcerous rays and then emerges therefrom, by regular dawning and dusking. Hence does a walker upon the mountainside perceive a waxing and waning of puissance.

Only the uttermost peak receives constant radiance.

There is but one path up the mountain. A winding way. A helical, spiral ascent. It is walked not by action of foot nor physique, but the attainment of wisdom; mastery of lore; performance of great magical works.

The path is not sufficiently wide for two sorcerers to pass. Only by domination, treachery, or murder may the lowermost surpass the uppermost.

All who walk the winding way, though they care not confess it, are driven to reach the summit.

Krakoa.
The Narthex.



Aw,
crap...



Guys?
Whoever's in
charge in there,
they're making some
changes to
the buildi--

Hell're
you?

Sir, we're
conducting an
investigation here.
Please give us
some space.



But--*Cain*,
for pity's sake!
You're wearing a *headset*!
Forge designed them so
you can *remember*
m--

You
mean *this*
thing?



It came
off when I headbutted
the buildin'. Damndest thing--
I don't even remember
puttin' it *on*.

Okay, okay--
just *focus* on me. We
need to get *inside*
this thing, so--

Uuhhhh...

Doug?



The link...
his *soulbond*
with *Warlock*...
the last lingering
threads are
breaking...

We must
be quick to get
answers. Brace
yourself,
Cypher.



Cain. Cain, pay
attenti--

So, what's
the *plan*, Spooky?
You gonna do some
sorta *hellish @!%&*
to the kid?

Quite the
opposite.

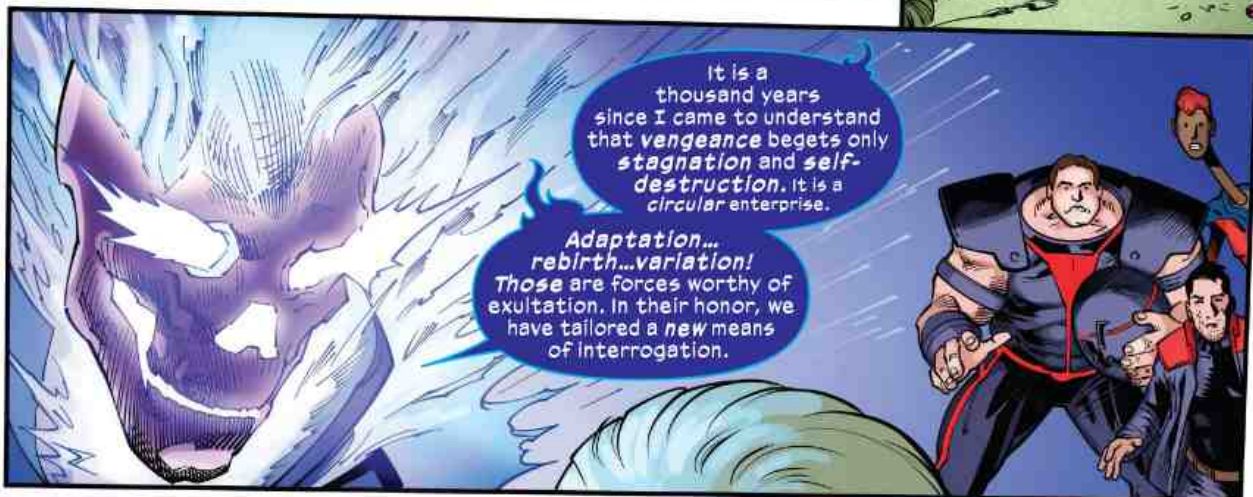


The *Spirits*
of *Vengeance*, whom
we once called *kin*, are
empowered with the
Penance Stare.

It is
their office to
gaze *into* a being...
and draw forth
its *sin*.

Yeah,
no--nope--no
thanks. I don't
want that.

And nor
shall you *have*
it, Douglas
Ramsey.



It is a
thousand years
since I came to understand
that *vengeance* begets only
stagnation and *self-*
destruction. It is a
circular enterprise.

*Adaptation...
rebirth...variation!*
Those are forces worthy of
exultation. In their honor, we
have tailored a *new* means
of *interrogation*.



The
Scream
of
Change.

And indeed, something is *changing* in Douglas Ramsey. A bond is *breaking* in the language of his soul. And this *sound*--

--(this scream like the birth pangs of an angel, like the laughter of a genderless god, like the electric howl of a *gene* disobeying its rules)--

--allows him to *escape* its frayed edges and trace the *cause* of his trauma.

He sees a *wisp* of cold purpose. A *fraction* of a vaster intellect. A *coil* of thinking software.

Surprised to discover it had a presence on the Astral Plane, it snuck into the *Altar* when nobody was watching.

It has *waited*. It hid in the *Qortex Complex*, with Legion's fractured psyches. Biding its time...sneaking out to cause *mischief*...

...pushing events toward the moment...

...that *Warlock* happened by.

It had already *murdered* his father, after all. Tore apart the *Magus* just to learn the *son's* weakness.

Its goals: to destabilize, to sabotage. *Instead*--to its *delight*--what did it find?

That Warlock is woven indivisibly into the *nervous system* of an entire ecology.

well. The *opportunity* was irresistible to the invasive software. By hacking into Warlock's mind--



--Nimrod can seize Krakoa itself.



Nimrod.

Nimrod.

@!%&.



Uh--guys? L-look up.



Yeah. That.



Legion--David Haller! This is Lost!

We need you! Cain and I can't handle this alone!



+sigh+

Legion--for god's sake, I'm thinking your damn name as loud as I can! you said this would get your attention! It's an *emergency*!

David!



David!

Something wrong?

No...no, just--ach--it's nothing. Wee bit overwhelmed, I s'pose.

I never thought you'd come to see my work.

But he had.

The *gamechains* and training floors, where movement becomes joy.

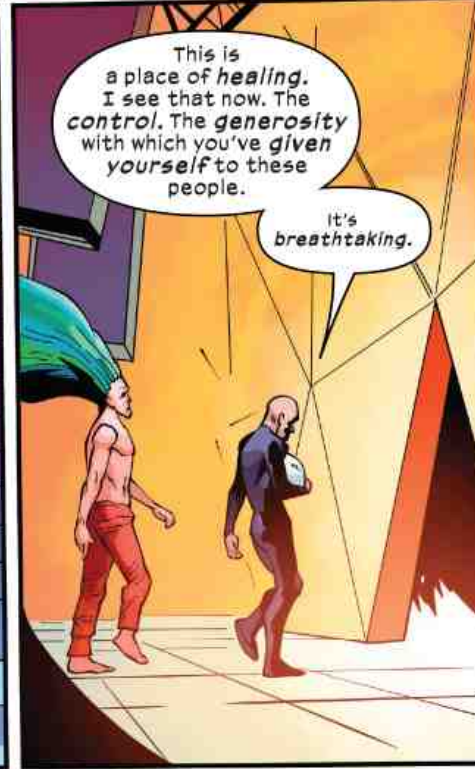
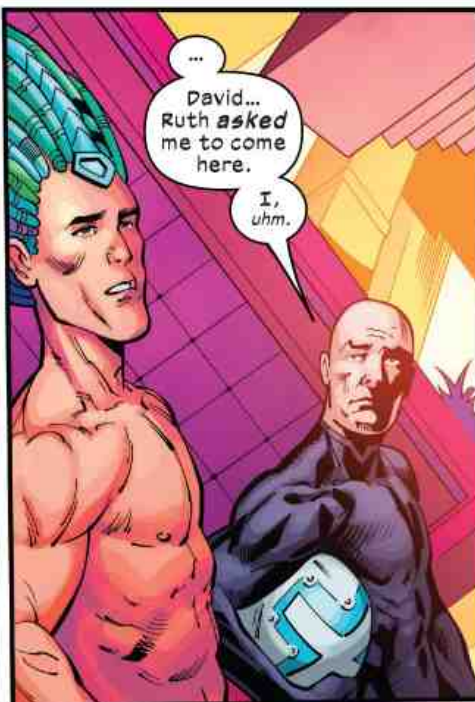
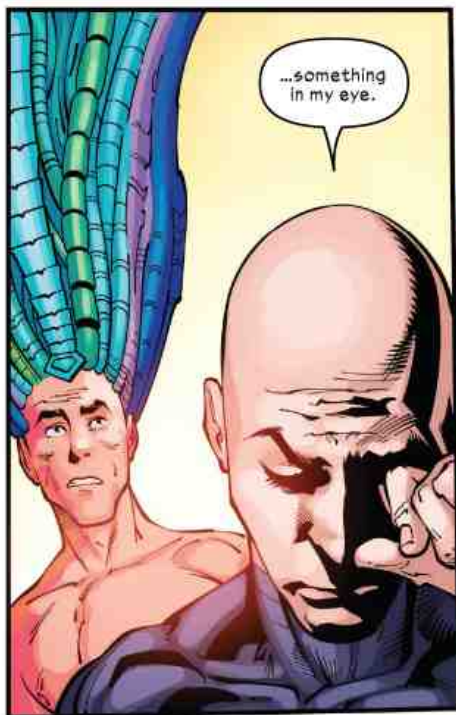
The *songsmithy*. The *artorium*. Canvases for the soul.

The *congregation*, where loneliness flees and inhibitions melt.

The *trauma pools*. The *dreamwards*. Orchards for the mind.

Are...are you okay, Dad?

Yes. Yes, just...





1-it...it has been theorized fungal computing could revolutionize information technology, but... oh...oh!

Nine trillion new neural pathways every minute! Mycological quantum rapture!

See me soar like a CONDOR OF MATH! I can smell time! I can taste the corners of reality!

IIIIII
AAAAAAMMMM
SCIIIENCE!



Foolish peddler of superstition! You think you can neuter Doctor Nemesis by making him a monster? I am the dragon of intellect!

I calculate 824 ways to defeat you without lifting a finger! You cannot begin to challenge m--

I bet you can't calculate π to the final digit.



Thr...
Three...



...p-point one four one...

...Five nine two six five three five eight nine seven nine three two three eight four six two six four three--

This could take a while, nein? So.

About that hug.



Bollocks to this.

As it 'appens, I've got some parent issues of me own, love, and a nasty habit of projecting. So, come on, then.

En-bloody-garde.



LEAVE

MUTTI

ALONE!

YaaaA--!



There, you see?
It's a *primal instinct*,
just like the savagery and
rage. A *good boy* looks
after his *mamma*.

Wh-why
are you *doing* this?
Turning mutants into
monsters?!



Oh, child...
you are but a
young witch. All passion
and meaning. You will
understand when
you are a little
older.

Sometimes
a *gig* is just a
gig.



You take
the *contract*
and you think of
the *reward*.



Hhrrrn...
c...contract w...
with...wh...who?

Thank you,
Ms. *Szardos*.
You've been a
tremendous
help.

Hrrk!

Orchis
will take it from
here.

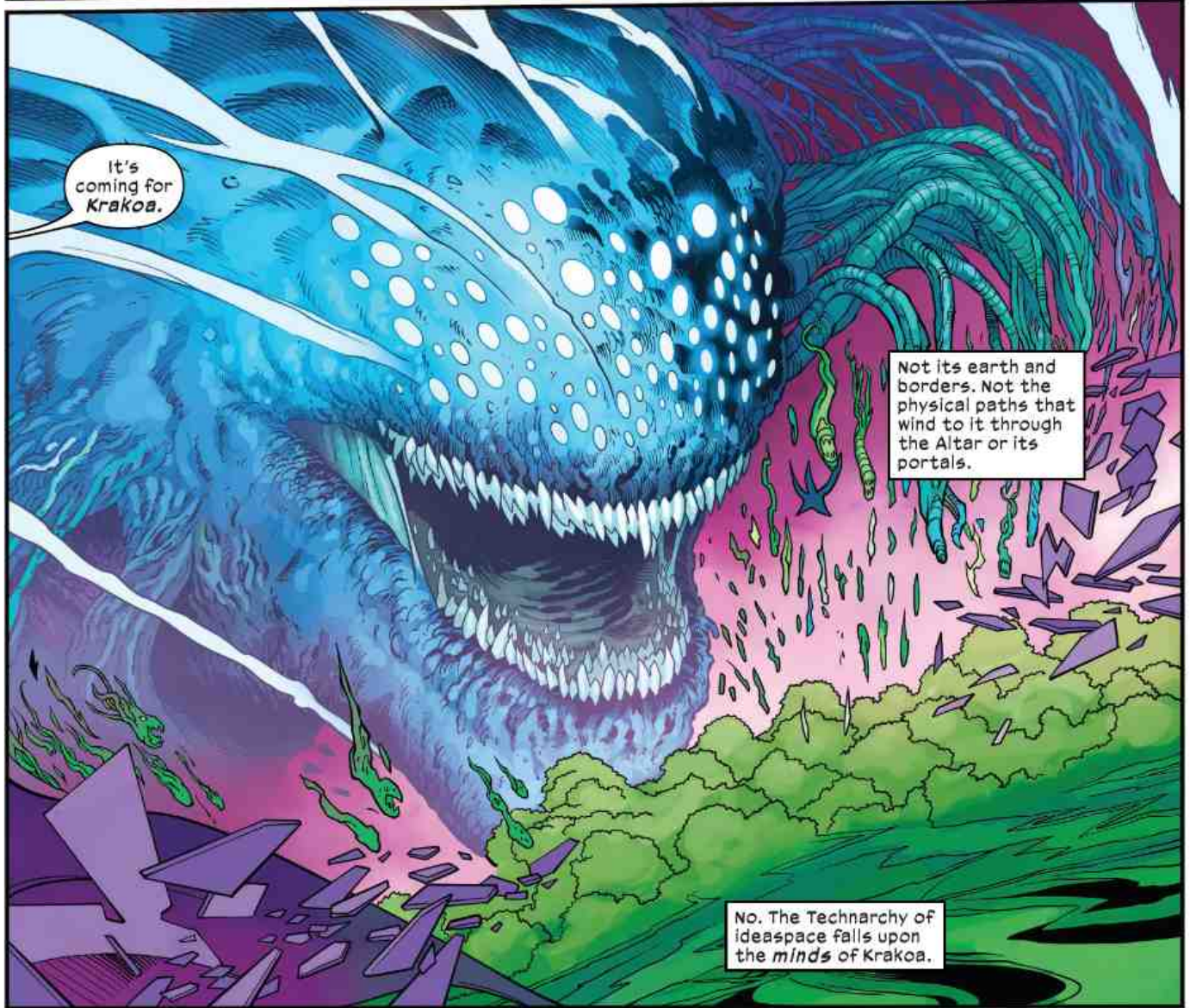
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The *defenses*...the ones Warlock helped us build...we need to get them *active* and--

No, David, it's...it's...it's not coming for *us*.



It's coming for *Krakoa*.

Not its earth and borders. Not the physical paths that wind to it through the Altar or its portals.

No. The Technarchy of ideaspaces falls upon the *minds* of Krakoa.



And opens them like doors.

First to be *infected*? Those in the depths of *sleep*. Those lost in *reverie*. The *artists*. The *dreamers*...

Those with one foot already on the *astral plane*.

Each brain
a portal.

We...
we have to
do...s...

David...?
You're so
weak.

What's
happening? What
is that thing doing
to my island?!

Downloading the *gestalt*
host. Repurposing flesh...

Each a *node* in the
great *circuit*. Each a
receiver, converting
noise to *signal*.

What's wrong
with David? What did
you do to him?

Never mind
that now! I can--
I can sense their
hunger! How do
we stop this?
Tell me!

Multiplying...
activating...

...swarming.

My
people...

Wh-why are
they attacking
my people?



I-it's a
@*%&#*% Babel
Spire!

Are these
more *monsters*? Like
Nightcrawler?

No...they
are no longer *alive*
in the conventional
sense. They are *drones*
of a synthetic gestalt--
a psychic A.I.--
summoned by
the Spire.

Wh-what
do they
want?



To make
everything
them.

HAW!
Squishy
ghost-
bugs're
FUN!



Hey! That's
cheatin'!

I don't understand... Technarchies
destroy and *absorb*. If this is
Nimrod's doing--why build a
beacon to *call* them?

Surely he
wants to *hack*
Krakoa--not call
down a plague on
the whole
planet!

It's a
distraction...





Huh? Who said that?

It's a **distraction**, Cain! Nimrod's nearly **finished** the hack. He's playing for **time**.

Get off the damn **comms channel**, asshat, we're busy here!



Cain, it's **Xabi!** You know me!

I'm **inside** the Narthex! The portal didn't move **away** from me like it did for the rest of you!

I guess even **Krakoa** doesn't remember me.



Xabi...? I... I think I used to know someone called that...

It's **dark** in here. I can hear **Warlock**. He's--he's **groaning**.

There's--huh. There's a **painting** on the wall. I think it's **Nightcrawler**, only...he's all **hollow**...a-and there's a **sword**...and...

Oh.



Oh **no**. Oh god. H-he's **here!** Nimrod's **HERE!**

He's here, and there are--oh **lord**, oh @!%\$!--there are **SENTI--**



--Z-z-z-z-z-z--

Xabi? **Xabi!** What's goin' on in there?

Cain! Who're you **talking** to? Focus on the **fight!**



It's-- it's--



Huh. I dunno. Weird. **Dumb dream bugs** must be makin' me **crazy**.

I guess, uh--

MARVEL REMEMBERS



CARLOS PACHECO 1961-2022

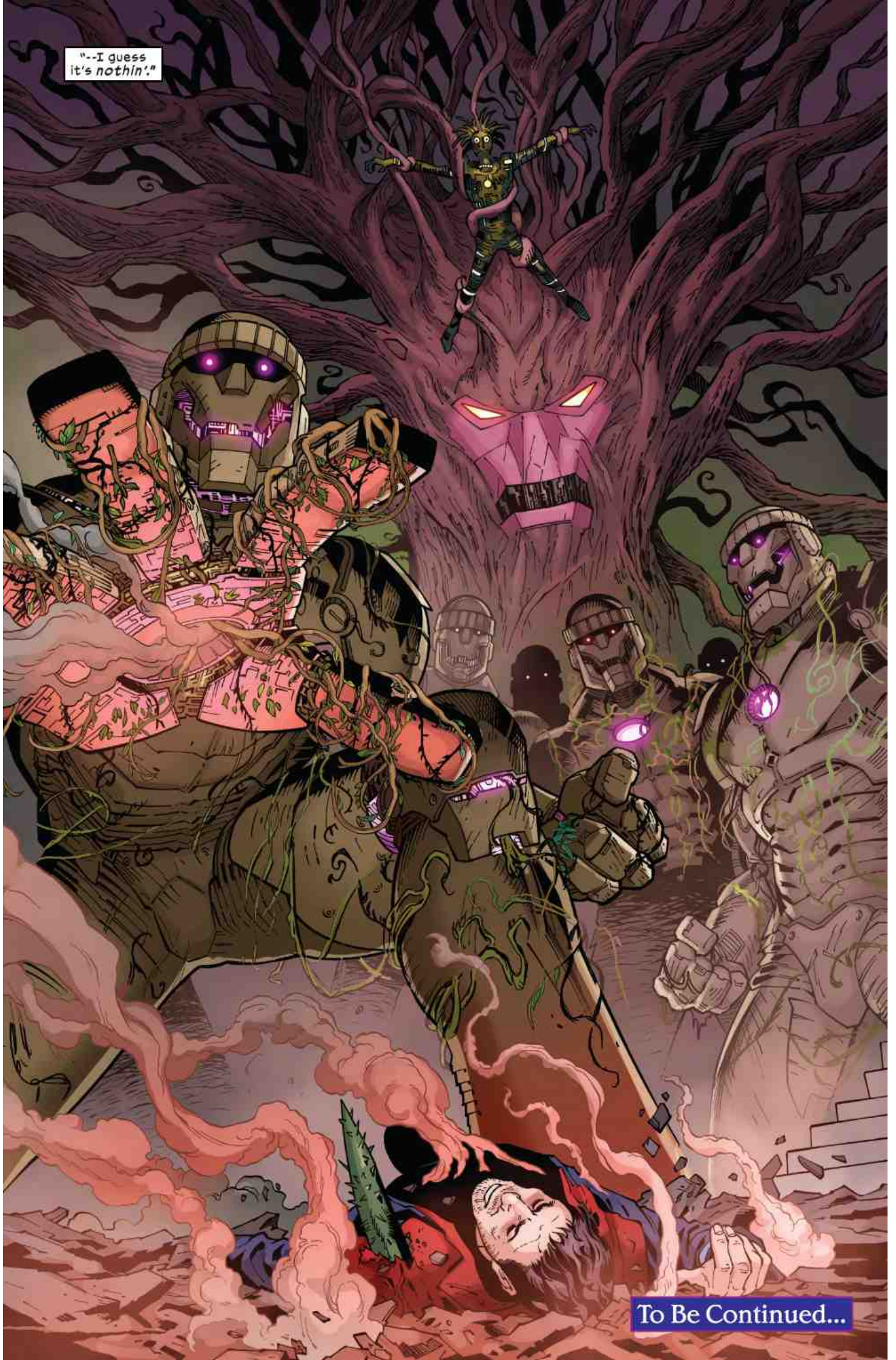
"My friend Carlos Pacheco was a sweetheart of a guy who loved comics, the Marvel comics that he read as a child most of all. He brought an enthusiasm to his work that went beyond the drive of the professional — he was truly invested in the characters and their fictitious lives. His work combined the dynamics of John Byrne with the realism of Neal Adams, creating a synthesis that captured the essence of American super hero comics — a form that was exotic to Carlos as he first read the translated stories but which he absorbed and came to embody like a native. A citizen of Spain, the Marvel Universe was his true home."

— TOM BREVOORT

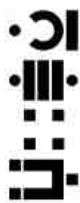
"Carlos was a dream collaborator who made every story better with his ideas, his brilliant storytelling and his beautiful art. But more, he was warmhearted, enthusiastic and a wonderful person. I was thrilled to work with him but happier still to have him as a friend. He will be enormously missed."

— KURT BUSIEK

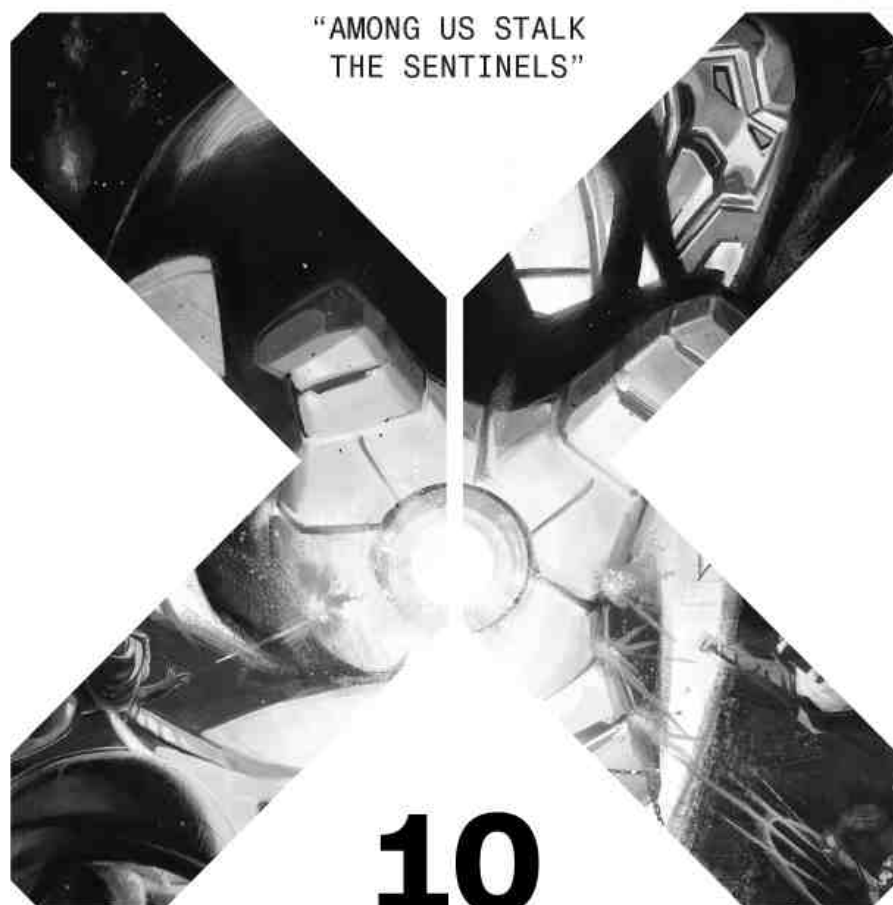
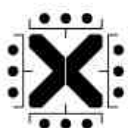
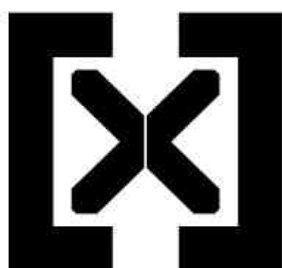
"--I guess
it's nothin'."



To Be Continued...



NEXT



ISSUE:

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X-Force #36

X-Men Red #10

➤ Legion of X #9

Wolverine #29

X-Men #18

Dark Web: X-Men #3

Deadpool #3

Immortal X-Men #10

Sabretooth & the Exiles #3

Sins of Sinister #1

X-Terminators #5

